WEEKLY MUSEUM

"WITH SWEETEST FLOWERS ENRICH'D, FROM VARIOUS GARDENS CULL'D WITH CARE."

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PIPPO AND MENICUCCIO:

A TALE.

[CONCLUDED.]

WHAT a terrible lesson was this for him! How cruelly was he undeceived! finding himself in a state of extreme indigence, he knew no longer what to do. He then thought of Menicuccio; the kind, affectionate and compassionate character, which he had always experienced in his friend, might give him hopes of a speedy relief; but how could he dare to present himself before one whom he had so haughtily despised! Although necessity impelled him, shame checked him; and instead of going to Salerno, he resolved to go to Rome, in order to seek there, where he hoped to be unknown, some means of subsistence.

Having come to that determination, he set out from Naples, and at night arrived at a farm house, where he asked for a night's-lodging. The young-woman, who was sitting at the door to whom he addressed himself, received him kindly—"You are welcome, said she to him. I expect my husband every minute. He is very happy when he can be of service, as far as it is his power, to such travellers as occasionally find it convenient to stop here: you may do so if you please. in the mean while, walk in and rest yourself, while I put in order a few things which I have not yet finished. The unfortunate prince went in, and was surprised at seeing a house, which in its simplicity had throughout in an air of comfort and plenty. While admiring it, and envying the lot of its happy inhabitants, the master approaches.—Heavens! What is it I see! cried he, Menicuccio! Ha! where can I hide myself? where can I sink in the earth and vanish from his sight? A sudden blush covered his face with a scarlet hue; a universal tremor shook his whole frame.

Menicuccio was driving full speed home, in a one horse chaise, but sorrow was on his countenance. His wife hastened to meet him—All my researches said he to her, sighing, have been in vain: he is gone away in despair, and no one could give any account of the road he took.—Who can tell what is become of him, or what melancholy end awaits him! On saying these words, tears trickled down his cheeks, and his wife affected at what she heard, could not refrain hers. After which she acquainted him with the arrival of a stranger, who had just come, wished for a night's-lodging, and was waiting in the hall. Heaven be praised, said Menicuccio! at least I shall have the pleasure of doing good to somebody! this comfort was necessary to relieve me from the sad thoughts of not having been able to be useful to my friend. Ah! had I but known his misfortune one day sooner!——At these words he hastened to the hall,

Pippo, concealed in a corner, covering his face, which was all on fire, with his hands, and trembling from head to foot, did not dare lift up his eyes. Menicucio, at seeing a man in such a posture, was at first struck with astonishment: he then drew nigh, and examined him. It is certainly him; there is no doubt of it—Heaven, My friend! and taking him in his arms, covered him with caresses and tears, without being able to speak a word. Pippo, between joy and shame found himself in the utmost confusion. Menicucio rising, and again falling upon him: I hold you then in my arms! it is you yourself, at last. Ah! heaven, heaven would not suffer me to be unhappy; blessed be heaven! It was only yesterday I heard of your misfortune. This morning I drove to town to find you out: after a thousand inquiries, I heard of your departure but could not learn where you was gone; therefore I no longer hoped to find you: I was reduced to great sorrow; but now I am the happiest man alive. He then repeated his caresses and embraced him again

Pippo, affected more than ever, was overcome with the greatest embarrassment, and strove to speak, but wanted words: his friend did not let him begin, but reassuming the discourse,—You are no more a great Lord, said he, it is true but you are still great enough to console yourself. The property you have entrusted to my care was worth ten thousand ducats; I have inherited about as much more from my father; with these two sums I bought this estate. It was in a very bad condition when it came to my possession: but with assiduity and diligence I have brought it to bring me in above a thousand a year. If it is still better attended to, it may bring more. Now we will divide it between us, as belonging to us both, or we will administer it together if you shall prefer it. By this means you will still have enough to live upon.

At this instance of unexpected generosity Pippo could not resist any longer; but, bursting out in a flood of tears, and tenderly embracing his friend,—Ah, what a friend, what an incomparable man did my ill-founded pride make me forsake, said he. I feel all the value of your generosity and your delicacy. What an immense difference there is between you and those mean souls who after having devoured my substance have forsaken me so cruelly! Do not believe, however, that notwithstanding my misfortunes I will take advantantage of your generosity; I should then be too unworthy of it. The property you say I only delivered to you in trust, was given up to you as a free and perpetual gift; it is now yours and I can have no longer any right to it. My misfortune, though great, has been deserved by me: by forsaking you merited a greater one, and I must suffer it. Wherever my feet may guide me, I shall be contented with the pleasure of having regained your friendship.

You have not regained it since you never lost it, replied Menicucio; you disdain it still if you think to quit me. Whatever might have been your intention at that time, the property must be yours now, and you will not wrong me so far as to refuse my request. Consider the restitution as an act of justice, or of friendship, it matters not to me, but you must accept it. Pippo, shedding tears, and sobbing more loudly than ever, replied—I neither ought nor can do it: but shall not be so ungrateful as again to insult a friend like you. I shall be with you forever, and henceforward will make it my whole study and sole pleasure in sharing your cares; it will be too great a happiness for me, if I can in some degree, make amends for the shameful injury I have done you Generous soul! incomparable soul!—Well then, replied Menicuccio, you shall stay; that is what I care for: whatever you see here you may enjoy as your own this is what I require: by what title we shall explain another time. Then turning to his wife who could not refrain from tears at witnessing so tender a scene.——Here is my friend, whom I present to you: except the happy day that joined me to you, this is the most fortunate I have known in all my life.

Pippo was a long time before he could recover from his amazement. What an incomparable soul! repeated he incessantly. What a difference from so many worthless minds, whose interested and pretended friendship has rendered me so proud.

HARDENED VILLAINY.

"IN London the execution of malefactors happens almost every six weeks; they pass through the town in carts, dressed in their best clothes, with white gloves and nosegays, if it be the season. Those that die merrily, or that flout at least shew any great fear of death, are greatly admired by the vulgar, and are said to die like hearty cocks, which is the highest encomium they desire should be bestowed on their memories. One of these wretches being come to the place of execution, which (for what reason I could not learn) is called Tyburn, desired to speak to one of his neighbours that he happened to cast his eye upon the throng. The man came to him, and then he told him that he was unwilling to die without asking him forgiveness for a great injury he had done him The man answered, that he forgave him heartily, but that he could not tell what it could be. The rogue seemed to be in much haste to tell it, and at last owned that he had only made him a cuckold. Another made the cart stop within a stone's cast or two of the gallows, and pointing to a large field, decleared that he had buried about 500 pounds in gold and silver in divers parts of it, which he had acquired by thefts. The mob fell to digging and tearing the field to pieces, and the criminal passed almost unattended on to the place of execution, where a number of hired rogues, being conveniently posted rescued him from the officers of justice, and carried him cleverly off. Another bold villain condemned to die for many robberies, found means to make his escape from the prison: diligent search was made after him, and great rewards promised to such as should discover and apprehend him, but all without effect; however, the day for execution of his fellow criminals being come, and they all carried to the tree, while they were at their devotions, and the halters about their necks, the fellow came and leaped up into the cart, asking ten thousands pardons of the sheriff, for making his honour wait so long, but that he had been taking leave of some particular friends; and so cheerfully submitted to his death, and the law, to the great astonishment of infinite crowds of spectators.

THE RURAL MOURNER.

A Sentimental Fragment.

* * * * * * ALAS! fair Eliza, why is thy cheek wet with Sorrow's glistening tear? Cannot the child of sensibility alleviate thy woe! Seest thou not that lonely flower, the grace of the blooming lawn? How beautiful in its appearance! Its sweets are wafted by the passing zephyr to the distant vale! Yes, I behold it, replied the mourner, it blooms in Nature's fairest charms, untouched by the rude finger of the spoiler—so had bounteous Nature been no less partial to him than to that lovely flower. The modest blush of his cheek outvied the carnation of the rose. The lustre of his eye, when sparkling with the tear of sympathy, could soothe the sorrows of affliction. The harmony of his voice could lull to rest the drooping child of misery. His soul was the seat of heaven-born compassion. He was upright, therefore he was happy. We danced and we sung—discontentment never cast a shade to cloud mutual serenity. All that knew him loved him. At his appearance sadness fled away. Indeed I had my share of sorrow; for a while it corroded my bosom he gave me back to tranquility—Grief passed off as the dew which the sun exhales.—Look now, behold that pensive flower, it has faded, Ah! now it has drooped, it withers away. Its verdant leaves are dispersed to the winds, and not one fragment of its sweet resemblance remains.—Yes, such was thy fate! Thou didst fade as the flower. Thine head was bowed to the high command of the angel of death. Thy virtues and thy remains now rest together, Thrice has Cynthia returned, and shed her silver beams on thy mossy turf. Morn, noon and eve have I visited this weeping willow shade, and embalmed the dust with the hollowed tears of love. I will adorn this little space with the fairest flowers of spring. The fragant honey-suckle shall florish on thy tomb. Its branches will I twine to screen the turf from the falling shower. I will water it with my tears, and as they pour for him, it will florish with a brighter verdure. Still shall he live in the remembrance of Eliza; his form shall be ever present to my delighted imagination. Oft do I repeat his words that yet sound as music to my ear, "Eliza, I knew thy love, cherish my memory, and be happy."

Soft as the breath of morn, gentle as the smooth gliding stream, was the voice of Eliza. Each morn she visits the lonely spot, and chants those tender soothing airs that were taught her, when pensive melancholy overshaded her bosom.

ROYAL ROBBER.

A famous robber, called St. Rochetto, has lately been apprehended in Piedmont. He has been the chief and creator of 16 bands of robbers in the Alps, of whom 306 has been executed. He never had any fixed residence, but he knew the Alps, and all retreats in those mountains; and wherever he went he had the talent to form new bands, and to inspire his followers with the most violent hatred against the French, of whom he acknowledges to have killed, with his own hands, upwards of one hundred and twenty, and that his comrades during the last war, have, by ambuscades which he had prepared, destroyed upwards of fifteen thousand republicans. The jealoussy of one of his mistresses delivered him up at St. Benigno, where he was executed.

THE DYING HUSBAND TO HIS WIFE.

NO more lov'd partner of my soul,
At my departure grieve:
Can flowing tears our fate controul,
Or sighs our woes relieve.

When the nuptial knot was ty'd
Which bound thee to my heart,
Couldst thou believe, because a bride,
We met no more to part.

Could'st thou believe the fleeting breath
Would ne'er my breast forsake?
Or that inexorable death,
Would not the forfeit take.

Cease then to grieve I'm gone my dear,
My soul forever free,
Laughs at the world, and all its care,
Except the care of thee.

Unumber'd thro' the vast repanse,
Swifter than light I fly,
To guard thee from each dire mischance,
Thy guardian genius I.

I watch thy sweet and peaceful sleep,
'Till heaven the time ordain,
When for thy loss thy friends shall weep,
And we may meet again.

Then shall thy dear, thy kindred soul,
Accompany'd by mine,
Behold how world—how planets roll!
Why suns unnumber'd shine.

With songs of joy, and grateful hymns,
To heav'ns eternal king,
We'll join with saints and seraphims,
And Hallelujahs sing.

TO A ZEPHYR.

DEAR little breeze, on thy wings of the West,
Soft brushing the dew on the sun-pearl'd dale;
Canst thou hear one poor sigh of an ill-fated breast,
To the dear lovely maid of yon far distant vale.

O swift be thy speed to yon wild wood land grove,
Where the smiles of thy Flora bedeck the sweet green;
Where thoughtless of fate and first concious of love,
My heart with despair still remembers the scene.

O fleet be thy course, till its tall head appear;
By the rose of thy love, I implore thee to fly,
And sip with thy breath the disconsolate tear,
That obscures the bright beam of yon hopelorn eye.

O blow not, rude winds, with unmerciful gale!
O spare the soft locks of her auburn dark hair!
O dye not her fair check with winter-cold pale
Too oft it is wan with the hues of despair,

O why should thou weep over fortune severe,
Over hopes that she cruel denied we should see,
O wipe from thy cheek thy disconsolate tear,
Though parted for ever, Oh! parted from me.

H.

IMPROMPTU.

IN an error so light, and so much the fashion,
In a nation where play seems the principal passion,
In a country so free, 'tis frightful to feel
How many good subjects are broke on the wheel.

ANECDOTE.

Among the many venemous creatures that infested Rhodes, there was a monstrous large one of an amphibious nature, which harboured in a subterraneous cavern, at the end of a large morass, and had made dreadful havock among the small and large cattle, and even among the neighbouring inhabitants. They gave it name of dragon, but it was more probably a crocodile, or a sea-horse of the first magnitude; and several Rhodian Knights had lost their lives at different times, in endeavouring to destroy it, fire-arms not being then in use, and its skin being proof against any other weapon: upon which account the Grand Master had expressly forbidden making any further attempts against it, under severe penalties. They all readily obeyed, except a Provencal Knight, named Dieu-donne de Gozon, who, less regardful of the prohibition than of the horrid depredations of the monster, resolved, at all hazards, to rid the island of it.

That he might atchieve it the more safely, he went out several times to take a distant view of it, till the want of scales, which he observed under his belly, furnished him with an effectual plan for deystroying it.

He first retired to his native castle of Gozon, in Languedoc, that he might pursue his project with greater secrecy; and there got an effigy of the monstrous creature made as exact, as to colour, shape, and size, as he could, in wood and pasteboard; after which he set about instructing two young mastiffs how to attack him at that tender part, whilst he did the same on horseback, with his lance and his armour. This exercise he continued several months; after which he sailed back to Rhodes with them and two of his domestics; and, without shewing himself to any one, went directly to the place, and attacked the furious beast (1392) ordering his two servants to stand on the neighbouring hill, and, in case they saw him fall, to return home; but, if victorious, or unluckily wounded, to come to his assistance. Upon the first onset, he ran with full force against it; but found his lance recoil back, without making the least impression on its skin; and while he was preparing to repeat his blow, his horse, affrighted at its hissing and stench, started so suddenly back, that he would have thrown him down, had he not as dexterously dismounted; when, drawing his sword, he gave the monster a desperate wound in the softest part of the belly, from whence quickly flowed a plentiful stream of blood. His faithful dogs no sooner saw it than they seized on the place, and held it so fast that they could not shake them off; upon which he gave the Knight such a violent blow with his tail, as threw him flat on the ground, and laid his whole body upon him; so that he must have been inevitably stifled with his weight and stench, had not his two domestics come immediately to his assistance, and disengaged him from his load. They found him so spent and breathless, that they began to think him dead, but upon throwing some water in his face, he began to open his eyes; and glad was he, when the first object that saluted him was the monster dead before him, which had destroyed so many of his order.

The news of this exploit was no sooner known than he saw himself surrounded with vast crowds of inhabitants, and met by a great number of Knights, who conducted him in a kind of triumph to the palace of the Grand Master. But great was his mortification here, when, instead of applause and commendations, he received a severe reprimand, and was sent to prison by him, without being permitted to speak for himself, or any one to intercede for him. A coun-

cil was quickly called, in which that severe governor highly aggravated his crime, and, with his usual austerity and sternness, insisted upon his being punished with the utmost severity, for his breach of obedience and discipline, which he maintained was of a more dangerous consequence than all the mischief which that, and many more such monsters, could do. At length, with much intreaty, he was prevailed upon to content himself with degrading him: and Gozon was accordingly stripped of his cross and habit; and indignity which he esteemed more rigorous than death. He continued some time under this disgrace; after which Villeneuve, the twenty-fifty Grand Master, who was of a generous temper, and an admirer of valour, having asserted his authority by that severe example, readily yielded to have him received again, and likewise bestowed many signal favours on him; whilst the people, less sparing of their praises than he, paid him the greatest honours every where. The head of the monster was fastened on one of the gates of the city, as a trophy of Gozon's victory, which was still to be seen there in Mr. Thevenot's time.—Edition of his Travels, printed in 1637.

The head of this animal was much larger than that of a horse, its mouth reaching from ear to ear, great teeth, large eyes, the holes of the nostrils round, and the skin of a whitish grey, occasioned, perhaps, by the dust which it gathered in course of time.

NEW-YORK, AUGUST, 18 1804.

THE number of Deaths in this City, for the week ending on Saturday last, according to the City Clerk's report, are, Adults 30—Children 49—Total 79.

The Grand Jury, have a long and faithful examination of the testimony, ordered a bill of indictment against AARON BURR, Vice-President of the United States, for murdering Gen. HAMILTON in a Duel—and against Wm. Van Ness, and Nathaniel Pendleton, Esqrs. for acting as seconds. By the late law on the subject of duelling, both the principles and the seconds will be *disfranchised*, and of course, unable to hold any office of honor or profit, or to voting in this state, for the term of *twenty years*.

ANOTHER CAPTURE.

The brig Betsey, of New-London, in 19 days from Martinique for this port, with a full cargo of sugar and molasses, was sent to Halifax on Tuesday last, by the Leander. The captain, chief mate, and cook, were left on board the brig; and the 2d mate and 5 hands put on board the Leander.

FIRE AT JERSEY.

Monday, the 4th of June, being the anniversary of our gracious Sovereign, all the forts in the Island of Jersey fired a royal salute at noon. The cannon in the new Fort, on large hill, were also fired. A corporal of the Invalid Company of Artillery then received the matches, and locked them up in the powder magazine at the top of the hill, which is constructed in such a manner as to be bomb proof; it contained 209 barrels of gun-powder, charged bombs, caissons, full of catridges of every kind, and a great quantity of other combustibles. The magazine was then shut, and the keys carried out of the Fort. About six in the evening, while the officer on guard was at dinner, according to custom, with the brother officers of his regiment, the soldiers on guard observed a smoke issuing thro' an air hole, at one of the magazine and immediately ran from the Fort. Such was the state of things Edward Touzel, Mr. P. Lys, and Wm. Ponteney, displayed heroic courage and bravery, exposed their lives to the most emminent dangers, and thereby saved the town of St. Helier and its inhabitants from the most terrible disaster. Touzel in particular displayed the greatest resolution; he broke the barrier of the palliside which surrounds the magazine, and finding at hand a kind of axe, he got to the door of the magazine, where he broke also two padlocks, and having by those means opened the door, he rushed into the flames and seizing the matches almost burnt out, he threw them by armsful to Mr. Lys, and Poteney, who had remained without. This undaunted spirit and activity saved the town of St. Helier and its inhabitants from absolute destruction. Two caissons of wood, filled with ammunition, were found attacked by the fire, and one in particular, in which there were powder horns, tubes, and a flannel cartridge, were half bornt through. Near this caisson stood an open barrel of powder, to which the fire, had it not been extinguised, must inevitably have been soon communicated. A rammer was almost consumed, and some of the beams which supported the roof were on fire.

[Lond. pap.

MORTALITY.

FREED from the dreary troublous vale of life,
Here rests the "Husband, Father, and the Friend,"
Sickness and Death forego their wonted strife,
Death's ebon darts their opposition end.

DIED.

On Monday evening last, of a Nervous fever, and in the prime of life,

Mr. John Harrisson,

the Printer and Proprietor of this Paper During his illness he suffered extremely, more especially from the afflicting situation in which his family was during the whole period of his confinement; Mrs. Harrisson being very ill in an adjoining room. He has left a wife and five children to lament his untimely loss; the youngest child born a few hours after its fathers Death.

Mrs. Harrisson being in so delicate a situation as not to be consulted in regard to the issuing of the Paper, the Foreman takes the liberty to assure the Patrons of the Weekly Museum, that it shall be conducted with its usual care and attention until some arrangements shall be made for its future regulation.

The Office throughout most sincerely lament the loss of so worthy a head. His goodness of heart, and gentleness of manner have made a lasting impression on their minds, and they most sincerely mingle their tears of grief with the afflicted family.

COURT OF HYMEN.

HYMEN, thou source of chaste delights,
Cheerful days, and blissful nights;
Thou dost untainted joys dispense,
And pleasure join with innocence.

MARRIED.

On Thursday evening the 2d inst. by the Rev. Mr. M'Knight, Mr, *Ephraim Gilbert*, to Miss *Ann Rider*.

On Saturday evening the 4th inst. Mr. *John Mac Dermot*, to Miss. *Harriet Camfield*.

On Wednesday last, by the Rev. Mr. Kunzie, Mr. *William Lambert*, to Mrs. *Deborah Carman*, both of this city.

Published and for sale at this office, the interesting

NOVEL

of the

RIGID FATHER;

OR,

PATERNAL AUTHORITY TOO STRICTLY ENFORCED,

IN A SERIES OF LETTERS.

[*Translated from the German of Augustus La Fontaine.*]

Price 75 cents.

LIKEWISE THE ELEGANT NOVEL,

CALLED

WHAT HAS BEEN.

JOHN HARRISSON,

No. 3 Peck-Slip, has for sale,

Books and *Stationary*

Of every description.

History, Divinity, Miscellany, Novels, Romances, Architecture, Arithmetic, Geography, Navigation, &c. &c.

Writing Paper, Quills, Ink-Powder, Wafe Sealing Wax, Ink-Stands, Pocket Books, Slates, Pencils, Pen-knives, &c. &c.

Also, a large assortment of

BLANKS *and* BLANK BOOKS.

PRINTING

EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE IN A HANDSOME STYLE,

At the shortest notice.

GRANT THORBURN,

No. 88 NASSAU-STREET,

HASTENS to inform his female customers on Long-Island, and in the City of New-York; that the famous SCOTCH MILK PANS, for which there has been such frequent demands, have at last arrived.

He has received by the arrival of the George, from Greenock, 12 Crates; as they were put up under the particular direction of a friend of his at the Manufactory, he has no hesitation in saying, they are the most complete assortment ever offered for sale in this country.

COURT OF APOLLO.

A SONG.

MY ſlumbers were pleaſant, when laſt I reclin'd
On my pillow, and thought of my love,
Our hearts were in mutual endearment entwin'd,
And gladneſs ſat ſmiling above.

Our hands were united, and ſwiftly we flew,
My Eliza! o'er mountain and vale;
With the beams of the morning we bruſh'd off the dew
And ſang with the breath of the gale.

On the wings of the wind we embark on the waves,
And dance on the face of the deep;
Our veſſel the billowy wilderneſs braves,
And muſic lulls ocean aſleep.

The tranſport that charm'd us while deaf to the roar
Of the wind and the thundering ſtream,
Were, alas! but the creatures of fancy--no more
Than the ſhadowy ſport of a dream.

ANECDOTE.

A preacher in Arabia having taken for his text the portion of the Koran, "I have called Noah," after twice repeating his text, made a long pauſe: when an Arab preſent thinking he was waiting for an anſwer, exclaimed, "If Noah will not come, call ſomebody elſe."

TO THE LADIES AND GENTLEMEN

W. S. TURNER, SURGEON DENTIST

Reſpectfully acquaints the ladies and gentleman of this city that he practices in all the various branches of his profeſſion. He fits Artificial Teeth with ſuch uncommon nicety as to answer all the uſeful purpoſes of nature, and of ſo neat an appearance that it is impoſſible to diſcern them from real ones. His method of cleaning the Teeth is allowed to add every poſſible elegance to the fineſt ſet, without giving the leaſt pain, or incurring the ſlighteſt injury to the enamel. In the moſt raging Tooth-ache he can truly ſay, that his Tincture has very ſeldom failed in removing the torture; but if the decay is beyond the power of remedy, his attention in extracting the tooth, and indeed of decayed teeth in general, (from conſiderable ſtudy and practice) is attended with infinite eaſe and ſafety.

Mr. Turner will wait on any Lady or Gentleman, at their reſpective houſes, or he may be conſulted at No. 11 Dey-Street, where may be had, with directions, his Anti-Scorbutic Tooth Powder, a moſt innocent preparation of his own, from Chemical and medical experience. It has been in great eſteem the laſt ten years, and is conſidered as pleaſant in its application, as it is excellent in its effects; it renders the teeth ſmooth and white, braces the gums, makes them healthful, red and firm, prevents decay, tooth-ache, that accumulation of tartar, (ſo much deſtructive to the teeth and gums) and imparts to the breath a moſt delectable ſweetneſs.

Sold by appointment of the proprietor, at G. & H. White's Patent Medicine Warehouſe and Bookſtore No. 84 Maiden-lane.

January 20, 1804. tf. 78

LITERARY ACADEMY.

E. FLY reſpectfully informs his friends and the public that he has removed his ACADEMY from No. 4 Frone to No. 40 Partition-ſtreet, where he will continue to inſtruct young gentlemen in the languages, and ſeveral branches of uſeful and polite Literature. Mr. FLY will open a MORNING SCHOOL for young ladies in Geography, Lectures on the uſe of the Globes, Grammar, &c. Hours of attendance from 6 to 8, A. M.

MORALIST.

CONTENTMENT is the ſpring of all human enjoyment:--it is the only ſure ſource of happineſs--the fountain of uncorrupted bliss. It is not the ſplendor of wealth, or the poſſeſſion of riches that makes us happy--it is not the pomp of power, or the diſplay of authority, that gives us enjoyment: but by a quiet reſignation to the will of heaven, and in a calm acquieſcence in the diſtribution of its bleſſings we find the poſſeſſion of the trueſt pleaſures, and are led to experience the pureſt joys.

Perfection is not to be looked for in a world like this: mankind ſhould therefore be prepared to meet with difficulties and troubles; to encounter the frowns as well as the ſmiles of fortune: the ſtings of adverſity, would then be greatly ſoftened, and the ſevereſt trials eaſily endured. Exiſtence would then become ſerene and pleaſant, be rendered delightful as the dewy fragrance of a ſummer's morn. The mind prone to activity, would never grow liſtleſs or unquiet; but dwelling on that vaſt variety with which all nature is clothed, would ever find exhauſtleſs ſcenes of gratification and amuſements. In whatever direction the eye ſhould chance to rove we ſhould find our wonder and aſtoniſhment highly excited, as though the wheels of creation were but juſt commanded to roll on, each beautious object beginning to riſe from chaos and darkneſs, to ſplendor and light.

CARPETS AND CARPETING.

BANCKER & MOORE,

No 192 BROADWAY.

HAVE juſt received and offer for ſale 13 bales of ingrained and common Carpeting---Alſo a very handſome aſſortment of the following articles, which they will diſpoſe of on reaſonable termes.

3-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 7-4 white, black, and colored Silk Shawls
Elegant Damaſk Triangular Silk Shawls,
Fine French Cambrics, Long Lawns,
Fine undreſſed Iriſh Linens,
Common ditto,
Iriſh and Flemiſh Sheeting,
Raſſia and Iriſh Diapers, Table Cloths,
Marſeilles Quilts and Cotton Counterpanes,
White, black, and colored Silk Hoſe, ſandal'd and plain clocks,
White, black, and colored Cotton Hoſe,
Engliſh and French long and ſhort Silk Gloves,
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